

## THE DUDE.

The dude is what the dandy was.  
Healed to the degree.  
As red a human specimen  
As mortal eyes can see.

His fatless collar towers high.  
His patent gaiters glow.  
He calls himself a dandy of earth,  
For what he doesn't know.

A monocle adorns his eye.  
A cane rests in his hand.  
Too idle is he, far, to work,  
Or even to understand.

He doesn't dance—he dotes on "form."  
Is lauded as a beau;  
But makes a wall-flower picturesque,  
As all the ladies know.

'Tis hard to guess his aim in life.  
Since things are so vague.  
The newest trick is to be seen,  
Through why, no one can say.

His chief exertion is to dress,  
To sleep at times, and eat.  
And show himself admirably  
To folks in town and street.

Each nation has its special dude,  
To certain features true;  
But one may say—to steal a joke—  
"The Yankee dude is new."

—Joe DeLoe, in *One a Week*.

## JOHNSON'S DEBTOR.

It Was an Extraordinary Job to Collect from Him.

"When O. M. Carter, now president of the American Loan & Trust company of Omaha, sold his post trader's outfit at the Rosebud Indian agency in South Dakota to Charles Stemwinder Johnson, as Ed Hall used to call him, there were some accounts on the books which he threw in as uncollectable."

It was Col. George Barry starting another story of his frontier life in the cafe at the Lotus club the other evening after the coffee, says the New York Sun.

"Well, one time, after he'd got pretty fairly well used to the redskins and some of the surrounding territory, it struck Johnson one day that it would be a good thing to collect some of those uncollectable bills. Every cent he got out of them was clean profit. The worst man on the whole list was a Frenchman named Buche, who was ranging some cattle over toward the head waters of the south fork of the White river. Carter had let Buche run up a bill of one hundred and sixty dollars, and he couldn't get a cent of it.

"Carter, the head clerk, who had been at the post for years, told Johnson that if he could collect Buche's bill he could get every dollar every other man on the Rosebud owed him. Well, one day Johnson got Buche at the agency, and jolted him along until Buche actually agreed to pay.

"I'll tell you, vat, Zhoonson," the Frenchman said, "I got some cattle, open to reavale. I gif you some zenn cattle."

"All right, Buche," Johnson said. "Jack Arkwright, an I'll go up an' get 'em some day before long."

"So they had a drink and Buche went away. In ten minutes he'd changed his mind about the cattle and concluded not to pay the bill. He bounced back into Johnson's store and excitedly exclaimed:

"Zhoonson, I keep zose cattle myself. I don't tink I gif you zose cattle. Zose is my cattle."

"All right, Buche. You can keep your cattle," said Johnson. "But the cattle you gave me are mine, an' Jack Arkwright an' I'll go up an' get 'em next Sunday."

"I det you ain't goin' get zose cattle. Neavair! Zose is my cattle. Eh? I keep 'em. I know. Eh? You see me? I am Buche. Zose is my cattle. So, I keep 'em. Vat you can do? Nozing! I know. Zat is a good 'ead. Zere is some 'eads as zat in congress. Eh? And out of the store he strode.

"Johnson saw him once or twice after that before the next Sunday and each time said:

"I'll be down on Sunday for my cattle."

Buche raved around the agency and swore by all his vigorous oaths that he'd fill Johnson full of Winchester holes if the trader made an effort to get the cattle. So, on Saturday Johnson went to the agency building and had Jack Arkwright sworn in as a deputy United States marshal. There isn't very much law on an Indian reservation, and in most cases might is right; but Arkwright's long official title had a terrifying sort of sound to the half-breeds, and Jack thought himself only second in importance to the president. He had Mexican, Indian and negro blood in his veins, and was as fine a specimen as you'll see in many a day's travel in that country of stalwart men. Besides that he didn't understand how to be afraid of anything, and he believed that a six-shooter was made for use rather than ornament.

"Well, on Sunday morning Johnson and Arkwright, with his commission as deputy marshal and a herder, started for Buche's headquarters seventy-five miles away on the river, leaving Buche boiling around the agency and swearing all sorts of things. They rode pretty hard, and made about sixty-five miles before sundown. They hadn't much more than gone into camp before Buche came by riding like a whirlwind with a Winchester balanced on the saddle in front of him.

"He down in the morning, Buche," shouted Johnson, "an' get my cattle."

"With an angry shout, Buche rode on toward his camp. Very early the next morning Johnson's party started. They made the ten miles to Buche's camp in about an hour, and couldn't find a sign of life.

"Well, I'm durned," said Jack Arkwright, "if the d— Frenchy hasn't hid his cattle in the buttes."

"They separated and began to hunt for the cattle. While they were at work Buche came riding up at a furious gallop from the Nebraska line. It turned out afterward that he'd been over after the Cherry creek regulators to help him fight the cattle thieves. But the first person he met after he got across the line was a man whom he owed for a wagon. The man spotted him for the money, and Buche fled for the reservation again.

"Well, when Jack Arkwright saw Buche coming he pulled out his commission as deputy marshal and rode down to meet the excited Frenchman.

"Look here, Buche," he shouted, as he got within halting distance, "here's my commission as marshal."

"The Frenchman turned and ran as hard as his pony could go.

"I don't want no papers," he shouted. "I don't want no papers."

"Well, sir, hell-to-split over the prairie went those two men, Buche shouting that he wouldn't hear Arkwright bawling out his commission at the top of his mighty lungs. John-

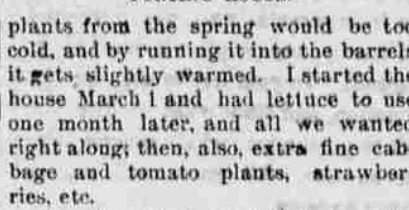
## FARM AND GARDEN.

### GOOD THING TO HAVE.

Description of an Effective and Convenient Forcing House.

I have spoken of the comforts that even the home gardener can take in the possession of a forcing pit heated in some convenient and simple way, and of the benefits in pleasure, in study, in fine home-grown plants, in winter vegetables, such as radishes, lettuce, spinach, in flowers, etc., that are thus put in our reach.

E. Bushmeyer, of Westmoreland county, Pa., sends me a sketch and description of a forcing house built partly on principles mentioned by me and now in running order. He writes as follows: "I have made it like a regular greenhouse in regard to beds, as they are raised one foot from the ground to allow looking after pipes if anything goes wrong. I built 11 ft. x 30 ft., with a 6-in. addition to the end and one-half stories high, with a cellar. In the cellar I have a water heater of 450 square feet capacity, costing \$17 in New York. Expansion tank, 100 lbs., were kept on ground floor. In the upper half story I have barrels for water to water plants with. I fill the barrels by turning a valve. They are connected, and a pipe running into the house carries the water to center. A 15-foot hose with a sprinkler does the rest. To run the water direct to the plants.



FORCING HOUSE.

plants from the spring would be too cold, and by running it into the barrels it gets slightly warmed. I started the house March 1 and had lettuce to use one month later, and all we wanted right along then, also, extra fine cabbage and tomato plants, strawberries, etc.

"Shortly after I started to heat the house we had eighty young chickens hatched out, and I at once moved them to the greenhouse and kept them there for some time. They can under the benches, needing no mother."

"Of course, there was considerable cost, but look at the pleasure and satisfaction one has in having good vegetables in winter. My little three-year-old boy was immensely pleased to be in the 'greenhouse,' as he called it, and a much larger boy (myself) likes it about as well. But I think I would like a bed made like the old-fashioned hotbeds, heated with pipes, for tomato plants, as it is hard to give them the proper hardening off in a house with permanent sashes. I intend making one this fall, and heating it with the heater that heats the house."

"The house has 250 square feet of ground. There is about 250 feet of 1 1/2-inch pipe, beside a 3/4-inch line connected with the boiler. The entire outfit costs \$210; most of the work was done by myself. The method of heating is easy and convenient. Altogether I am much pleased with the improvement over the old process of growing early plants."

"I can only hope that our friend will carry out his intention of making some hotbeds, and heating them with pipes connected with his hot-water heater. This has a much greater capacity than necessary for a house of that size, and will furnish heat enough for quite a system of beds. The pipes in some of these might be put along the sides above ground—a single line on each side being sufficient—but for most of them I think I would prefer a double line, incased in large tile, or laid in open space under the hotbed soil. Much heat will not be needed, and even inch pipes would answer for most purposes. The beds should be as near as possible to the boiler end of the greenhouse, to avoid waste of heat through the connecting pipes.

"For hardening off tomato-plants, however, I would prefer ordinary cold-frames, although the pipe system makes it possible to use a frame in either capacity, as hotbeds or cold frame. Should a frosty night be expected, a little heat might be turned on and off again next morning.—Farm and Fireside.

## WORKING THE ROADS.

Present System of Repairing Is a Case of Labor Lost.

As a general thing the country roads on this continent have been so badly located that to build costly pavements upon the present lines and previously provide elaborate systems of drainage would be a dreadful waste of money. As it is ordinarily beyond the means of country people to do more than improve the present condition of their roads this is the task that they should undertake as soon as possible.

In beginning such a task the first step to be taken, in my opinion, is to stop that which has generally been the custom of this country—that is, working the roads. Working the roads, as it is usually practiced in this country, consists in calling out in each road district a gang of men who "work out" their road tax under an overseer elected by the people. The labor is worse than thrown away, for it is rare indeed for either the overseer or the men under him to have any clear comprehension of what is needed.

Fortunately for the well-being of our roads these men do not work very hard, but rather choose to regard the few days on the road as a kind of holiday outing, a picnic frolic and a means of getting rid of a certain amount of tax. If they really worked with all their might they would make the roads almost as impassable in the summer as they now are in the winter and early spring. With some kind of a glimmering idea that ditches on each side of a road are good to have, they plow up these ditches, together with the soil that grows down into them, and fill all of this muck in the middle of the road.

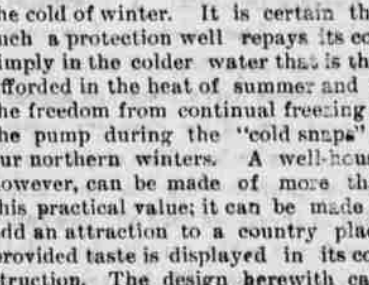
This material, it may be said, has a most excellent fertilizing value, and if it were put upon the fields instead of in the roads it would amply repay the farmers who carted it away. But in the roads it is a sad and an immediate hindrance to travel. Luckily the friendly spring rains usually wash it back into the ditches, where it stays until there is some more to be "worked out." When these rains are not sufficient to wash away these impediments that have been deliberately placed in the roads, the consequences are very dusty roads during all the dry season.

In some neighborhoods a little more ambitious than those generally to be found they mend the roads by placing gravel and broken stone upon them. Then the overseers say that they are macadamizing the roads. Without thoroughly draining the roadbed, to put either broken stone or gravel upon it is merely a waste of money and labor, and the ambitious neighborhoods so doing prove in the end no wiser than those who cover their roads with muck. But it is within the means of every neighborhood in the United States to materially improve their roads at once—improve them so much that where the traffic is not extremely heavy and continuous the roads will be in tolerable order nine months in the year and very much better than at present, even when the frost is coming out of the ground at the beginning of spring. And this can be done in three or four or five years without spending one penny more than is now spent in the hurtful methods mentioned.—Harper's Weekly.

## PRETTY WELL-HOUSE.

Besides Being an Ornament, It Serves a Useful Purpose.

The accompanying design for a well-house may call attention to the fact that but few of the wells upon country places are honored with a shelter of any kind from the heat of summer or



DESIGN FOR WELL-HOUSE.

the cold of winter. It is certain that such a protection well repays its cost simply in the colder water that is thus afforded in the heat of summer and in the freedom from continual freezing of the pump during the "cold snaps" of our northern winters. A well-house, however, can be made of more than this practical value; it can be made to add an attraction to a country place, provided taste is displayed in its construction. The design herewith calls for an octagonal house with a "dishing" roof, which is shingled and stained. The sides may be of matched boards of equal width, beaded, over which vines may be trailed. The foundation wall should be solid, to prevent the entrance of toads, insects, etc., to the well, which may be reached by making a portion of the well-house floor removable. A few shrubs near such a house will add to its attractiveness.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

## Severe Diarrhea in Cows.

Severe diarrhea is a rare disease in a cow, and when it happens it will generally be found the result of some fault in feeding or some constitutional disorder by which impure matter is thrown off from the system through the bowels. Exact treatment can be undertaken, but generally a mild alterative and purgative will be sufficient to relieve the animal unless the disease is a secondary symptom of a predisposing cause. A dose of one pint of raw linseed oil or a pound of Epsom salt will generally relieve the trouble permanently if it is due to mere indigestion or error in feeding, and temporarily if it is due to tuberculosis, which is the most common cause of persistent diarrhea. Sometimes exposure to colds or worms of rain or heat after weather will cause the trouble.—Rural World.

## Simple Test for Margarine.

A very simple test by which to distinguish butter from margarine is to draw three or four pieces of ordinary sewing cotton slightly twisted together, through the pieces to be tested, set light to it, and blow it out almost immediately, and smell the smoke. If it is margarine it will have the peculiar smell of a newly extinguished candle, but with butter there is a rich smell.

## DEADLY AMANITA TOADSTOOL.

It Is the Most Beautiful and Also the Most Insidious of Its Family.

Of the Agaricini family there is one subdivision that contains many toadstools that are deadly poisonous, and it is well to be made acquainted with these in the very beginning. This subdivision is known as the Amanita. It is the most beautiful, the most insidious, and the most deadly of all toadstools, and should be shunned with horror. The amanita always have a volva or sheath around the stem at or in the surface of the ground; when this or remnants of it are found upon any toadstool it should be discarded, unless the finder is sure of the ability to discriminate between edible and non-edible amanita. It is well to say just here that there are not a great many men in the United States with this ability, as the science of mycology is not as generally pursued with us as with some of the older peoples of Europe.

In my excursion with Capt. McIlwaine we came upon several beautiful specimens of the deadly amanita. These are the *Amanita bullioides*. The large one is a full grown fungus, showing part of the veil or ring and part of the volva. The smaller is only partly grown and shows the volva ruptured, from which the toadstool has sprung, with the veil or ring unbroken and under the head of the cap. These were found on the edge of a road through the woods. They were a perfectly white on top, the top looking as if it had been powdered. The gills also were white, and the whiteness of the stems slightly discolored with yellow.

The great danger from amanita is due to the fact that to an uninformed or unobservant person they resemble the common mushroom. A very little knowledge would enable any intelligent person not handicapped with an undue amount of cocksure conceit to discriminate between the amanita and the common mushroom. The common mushroom is purple-spored with pinkish gills in early youth, which increases in depth of color as the spores ripen to a heavy purplish-black. All of the amanita are white-spored and have white gills. And furthermore, the habitats of these agarics are quite different. The common mushroom always grows in the open; on the other hand, the amanita always grows in the depth or on the edge of timber-lands. Capt. McIlwaine tells me that he has never found the amanita in open fields or meadows. Any one ambitious to test the merits of toadstools would do well to take note of the characteristics of the amanita at once. Other toadstools sometimes contain minor poisons; the amanita contains a dangerous poison; it belongs to a family that kills.—Harper's Bazar.

Among the degenerate Romans from A. D. 100 to A. D. 500, titles were graded with almost mathematical exactness, and men of different social rank insisted on being addressed as Iulianus, Spectabilis, Clarissimus, Perfectissimus, Egregius, and so on, according to their position.

"How does Mrs. Fewyears look after her stay abroad?" "Remarkably well, considering she is ten years younger than when she left."—Inter Ocean.

A close call—A whisper.

In summer the fat man may be styled very warm friend.

"The hammock fell with me last night." "Was Jack hurt?"—Life.

It is brevity is the soul of wit, all we who are "short" ought to be very jolly.

JOHNIE—"Papa, when you set the hen on picked eggs," will she hatch out picked chickens?"—Harper's Young People.

A TABLE ACROBAT.—The tumbler.

It isn't the illiterate man who makes his mark in journalism.—Buffalo Courier.

A FALLEN meteor has a very downcast appearance in its own hole in the ground.—Puck.

The world, unlike other great wheels, always rolls over the man who lays behind it.—Galveston News.

NOTWITHSTANDING its prevalence, the tornado will not become popular as a national air.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

We doubt if the ignorant often referred to said: "If I were down, nobody shall be up." He probably said: "I shall be drowned."

Not in.—She—"Was woman made in vain?" He—"No, not quite so much as that; only vain."—Detroit Free Press.

TEACHER—"Define memory." Dull Boy—"It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece."—Good News.

"This Krupp gun is the largest cannon in the world." "But I suppose the Ferris wheel is the largest revolver."—World's Fair Puck.



KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## THE ROYAL Baking Powder surpasses all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is indispensable for use wherever the best and finest food is required.

All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

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TEACHER—"Yes, likely signifies a pleasant possibility, and liable an unpleasant one. Now give examples of both." Smart Scholar—"There is likely to be good skating to-morrow, and we are liable to miss it by having to go to school."—Yankee Blade.

"I NEVER give money to beggars on the street," said the pedestrian. "But my dear sir," returned the beggar, "I can't afford an office these hard times. You expect too much."—Harper's Young People.

WINDS may be tempered to shorn lambs sometimes, perhaps, but you wouldn't think so generally, to see them shiver.—Somerville Journal.

New Through Sleeping Car Line From Chicago to Seattle via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Great Northern Railways, has been established and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 11:30 P. M., arriving at Seattle 10:30 P. M., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific Coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. H. FRANKFORD, General Pass Agent, C. & M. & St. P. R. Y., Chicago, Ill.

"Is Switzer really studying for the bar, and—?" "Wait—'Yes, he's got so he's familiar now with most all of the side-door taps."—Inter Ocean.

Fortify Weak Nerves.

This can easily be done. First, use the finest nerve and tonic extract, Hostetler's Stomach Bitters. Next, give up opiates and mineral sedatives, which ruin the stomach, and soon cease to have an effect, except in dangerously large doses. Dyspepsia is the parent to insomnia and nerve weakness. The Bitters remedies indigestion and the two symptoms named. It also cures malaria, liver and kidney complaints.

Miss RURAL—"I want to see some dark blue gloves." Clerk—"What is your size?" Miss RURAL—"Five feet five without my shoes."—Inter Ocean.

Woman's Home Missionary convention of the M. E. church, at Toledo, O., October 27 to November 4. For this occasion the C. H. & D. R. R. will make a rate of one and one-third (1 1/3) fare for the round trip, on the certificate plan, from all points on the C. H. & D. system.

"Poon Barker, he's disconsolate." "Why so?" "He's lost everything. Can't even buy enough cordage to hang himself."—Life.

HAIR'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

The audience would really be glad to see some speakers give themselves away.—Plaindealer.

WRITE to R. B. DUFFY, Atchison, Kansas, for prices on Kansas farms that raised 75 bushels of corn to the acre this year.

THERE'S one thing to be said in favor of the summer. One has warmer friends than in winter.

BERGHAM'S PILLS are a certain cure for weak stomach, constipated liver, and are famous the world over. 25 cents a box.

ONE has helped the world, some if he has only varied the monotony.—Dallas News.

## THE RACE IS WON

—over to good health and the system rendered impervious to disease when the blood is pure and the liver active. For the liver is the sentinel which permits or forbids the germs of disease to enter the circulation of the blood. To a congested, torpid and diseased liver can be traced many dangerous diseases affecting various organs.

## PIERCE'S GUARANTEE CURE.

I was taken sick with costiveness, and the doctors could give me no relief, but after using five bottles of "Discovery," I regained my health and I am now a well man.

I weighed 185 pounds before taken sick, and I was reduced to 130 pounds in sixty days time. For any one suffering with liver trouble as I was, I would advise them to use the Golden Medical "Discovery" at once, before it is too late.

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307 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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